

The Poet's Corner.

For the Massachusetts PloUGHMAN.

TOO LATE.

BY EMMA L. S.

Are you seeking your love under the snow?

It is wintered back in the spring;

He is lying in the snow, and in the snow,

Then softly, forgotten, long wing.

But I loved it, my violet, why is it dead?

How could it have me to dream?

In the summer you stand with the garden rose

red.

But I loved it, my violet, where, alone,

I cannot believe it, it cannot be so,

For I am not dead. 'Tis untrue.

My spirit would follow where'er it might fly,

Would follow my violet where it might fly.

You desired it, truly, where'er it might fly—

I never forgot it a day;

I remembered it always, as I should have died,

If I had forgot white away.

But your violet, too, it could never forget,

And without, and died in despair.

'Tis too late to leave it with tears warm and

wet.

Go back to the roses so fair.

THE MUSIC OF LABOR.

I love the ploughman's whistle,

The driver's cheerful song,

Spurring his stock along.

The driver of the market man

As he hies him to the town,

The halloo from the tree top

As the ringer from the tower

The busy sound of threshers

As they clean the ripened grain,

The husker's quick and catch of glee

'Nad, voice of the drayman.

THE FATAL BOUQUET.

What may be the ordinary price of such a

bouquet as a bridegroom's gift?

It is a question that is asked in the

times of the difficulty of

appearing irretrievable, cannot say, but

the only one I ever had written to me

dear, as well as mine. Never, O, my

friends, make rash promises; or, if you do

not keep them, and after days of

comfort to you to reflect that they were

not so good as your word. It was many years

ago that I was obliged to attend at a

less melancholy a ceremony than a wedding;

and it has cost a cloud over all my

summer. It was a wedding, and a

summer; Zephry and Aurora had been

joined together in holy matrimony; the cake

had been cut; I, as a guest, had

been seated at the table; and the

chariot had carried off the infatuated

pair; the slipper had been thrown; the

tears had been shed; and I, as a guest,

had been seated at the table; and the

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Domestic Economy.

For the Massachusetts PloUGHMAN.

VALUABLE RECIPES.

FROM LADY CONTRIBUTORS.

RICE PUDDING—very nice—Boil one

cup of rice in two quarts of milk; let it

cook slowly for an hour, then let it cool;

add four eggs well beaten, sugar to your

taste, and any seasoning you like, and bake

in a large tin of a splendid oven. Free from

Jealous of every sweet word softly spoken,

Jealous of all things I would be,

If you loved me.

Jealous of every word that passed there,

Lifting thy locks with such too fond and

Jealous of every smile the sunbeam cast thee,

Jealous of all things I would be,

If I loved thee.

Jealous of all in field and forest,

Jealous of all in sea and sky, or on

Jealous of every bird, or breeze, or flower,

Jealous of all things I would be,

If I loved thee.

Present, or absent, or high tide, or low—

Jealous of all things I would be,

If I loved thee.

Why wilt thou bring it?

"I couldn't," I thought it was in your coat

"So I believe it is."

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USE THE BEST!

Established in 1824.

Orange Grove Bitters.

For Dyspepsia, Loss of Appetite, Indi-

gestion, Headache, Dizziness, or any

Disarrangement of the Stomach.

It is an agreeable and most pleasant

of the stomach.

THE ORANGE GROVE BITTERS

Is a large bottle of a splendid aperitif. Free from

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